

WHY THE CZAR LIVES.

A Nihilist Gives the Reason.
New York, May 30.—Herr Werner, the editor of the Tageblatt, one of the leading Socialistic-Labor papers in the country, and himself an advanced Nihilist, a man having the confidence of that confraternity and understanding their plans, said last evening to a reporter: "The Nihilists did not want to kill the Czar."

"Why?"
"Because of several promises of reform which he has recently made."

"Did they make no preparations to kill him?"

"They did not. They abstained from any attempt upon his life."

"Is it not true that one reason why the Nihilists did not kill, or try to assassinate the Czar, lay in the fact of the presence of so many foreign royal representatives at the coronation?"

"I do not think they cared a fig for the royal foreign representatives. Besides, if they had wanted to kill him, it could have been easily arranged so that no other person of political consequence would have been injured."

"What were these reforms which the Czar had promised?"

"Chief among them was one relating to taxes upon the peasants. In Russia, as you know, the poorer classes are taxed so much per head on cattle and live stock. There are also other taxes of this nature. The burden thus imposed has been, and is, unjustly heavy out of all proportion. I am not just certain what relation the amount of these taxes bears to the total earnings of the peasant, but while it is certainly not so much as twenty-five per cent., it is over fifteen per cent., so that you can see how unbearable is the burden. Now, not long ago, the Czar promised to remit the major part of these taxes for from two to three years."

"And it was to give him a chance to do this that his life was spared?"

"Yes."

"Are the Nihilists reasonably certain that this will be done?"

"No, they are not."

"Then were they not taking big risks in allowing such a favorable opportunity to slip by?"

"Well, there was yet another reason. The Nihilists of Russia, as a party, are composed of students and educated men. They stand aloof from the peasantry, and are not of the same class. They are a middle step between the paupers and the nobles. There are, I may say, practically no peasants, as a class, who are Nihilists. They have been promised these reforms of which I have been speaking. Now had the students, or Nihilists, killed the Czar, they would have roused against them and their movement the peasants. This was the greatest danger in which they could have run. So they very wisely put off the coup d'etat."

"You say no preparations were made to assassinate the Czar. Is it not true that large numbers of infernal machines were sent into Russia?"

"Who told you so?"

"The statement has been made by one of the manufacturers of the machines."

"Bah! I do not believe it. If the Nihilists had wanted explosive machines and compounds, they could have made them right at home without coming for them to this country."

"And is it true that no mines were dug, nor any like preparations made?"

"No mines were dug and no attempt made to thus approach the chapel where the coronation took place."

"How long do the Nihilists propose to allow the Czar to fulfill his promises—months or a year?"

"Ah, how can I tell; you ask me too much," replied Werner, suggestively shrugging his shoulders. "They will give him plenty of time—not too much, but plenty."

THE MOUNTAIN FEUD.

An Ominous Gathering in Menifee County and Another Mob Expected.

Mt. Sterling, Ky., May 30.—George McCormick, Deputy Sheriff of this county, has just returned from Menifee county. He says there is a great deal of suppressed excitement all along the road, and he believes the mob will surely return here to attempt to take Barnett and his party from prison.

Knots of men who were connected with the mob gather in ominous groups and talk continuously to each other. All the guns that could be obtained in Frenchburg have been borrowed. There are many men here from the eastern part of this county and from Menifee, who are recognized as friends of Ringo, who apparently have no business here. On Sunday night a party had assembled to come, but were stopped by the news of additional precautions.

The Cerro Gordo Guards, under Captain Leonard, were under arms last night and this morning. The most notable feature is that John Barnett, the hardened dare-devil that he is, broke down this morning, and actually wept at the prospect of losing his life without being able to make any defense. He chafes like a caged lion, and would meet twenty men single handed to get out. These indications, discussed and exaggerated on the street here, cause a great deal of uneasiness, but many people still do not apprehend another attack.

A Grand Secretary's Accounts Reported Short.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., May 30.—John W. Woodhull, Grand Secretary of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Wisconsin, Secretary of the Grand Chapter and Recorder of the Grand Commandery, resigned the offices because of the recent charges that he is short in his accounts to the extent of \$5,000 or more. The Trustees have made an examination of the books and will report at the Grand Lodge meeting in June.

CABLED FROM EUROPE.

Riots in Russia--Mobs Robbing the Jews.

The Court Ball--Not Enough Peter's Pence--Other Matters.

Russia.
ST. PETERSBURG, May 30.—The court ball last night was the most imposing affair of the week, with the exception of the actual coronation ceremonies at Moscow. Over 4,000 invited guests were present, and many of the toilets were of the richest character. There was a wonderful display of gems and jewelry, many of the ornaments worn by the ladies of the court having been especially ordered for the occasion, and being unique as costly.

The renewal of the anti-Semitic riots has proved even more dangerous than was predicted, and mobs have attacked, robbed and killed Jews in several of the provincial cities.

The coronation has been taken advantage of by the extreme Radicals of the Pan-Slavics to excite nationalist feelings, and the well intending efforts of the Government to prevent the outbreak have only succeeded in subduing it.

The most important outbreaks were at Nief, Rostoff and Charkoff, and in every instance the soldiers fire pointblank into the crowds at the command. The mobs were in several instances led by students. Many persons were killed in each of the cities named, and the suppression of attempts at violence against the Jews is believed to be complete.

There is, however, a feeling of bitter animosity against the troops and further trouble is feared.

Moscow, May 30.—The Czar has received through the Austrian Envoy Extraordinary a congratulatory personal letter from the Emperor Francis Joseph, expressing the hope that friendly relations will continue to be maintained between Russia and the South German Empire.

St. Petersburg, May 30.—A fire occurred in the Putloff Iron Works, causing a loss of 300,000 roubles. The work shops were destroyed in which rails were made.

England.
LIVERPOOL, May 30.—The White Star Line steamship Britannic, which left this port May 24 and Queenstown May 25 for New York, has put back to Liverpool, her machinery having become deranged shortly after leaving Queenstown. All well on board.

LONDON, May 30.—Alexander Kennedy Isbister, M. A., LL.B., who was instrumental in freeing British America from the Hudson Bay Company and annexing that section to Canada, is dead.

Italy.

ROME, May 30.—An especial appeal is being prepared at the Vatican urging upon the Bishops all over Christendom the necessity for increasing the contributions of Peter's Pence, which have during the last two years show a great falling off in amount.

ROME, May 30.—The Journal De Rome to-day, commenting on the more friendly attitude which France has shown recently toward the Vatican, says the rupture between France and the Vatican would deprive the former in the face of a triple alliance of a great source of strength. She must choose between open war with the Vatican and breaking with the atheistical radicalism.

France.

PARIS, May 30.—No serious fighting is expected to occur at the Tonquin before the middle of July, when the French will be ready to take the offensive.

Henry Watterson Discourses on the Homocidal Mania.

NASHVILLE, May 30.—At the Vanderbilt Alumni Association's annual banquet yesterday, among the sentiments most loudly applauded was an expression in favor of the education of the colored race in the South, and that civil liberty was a hollow mockery without education commensurate with its responsibilities. It was further declared that the alumni associations were the best sources of the proper consideration of the subject of their thorough education. This sentiment was loudly applauded, and the negro visitors in attendance upon the banquet heartily joined in the applause.

Last night, at the Vanderbilt University, Hon. Henry Watterson delivered an address before the literary societies of the University, taking for his subject "The Homocidal Side of Southern Life."

He said the South had been treated to the exasperating process of moral vivisection, which, undertaken without sympathy and conducted upon half knowledge, is wont to attain its oracles to the supercilious levity of the professional wit. The glorifying righteousness of the professional saint, and the victim, thus dazed in the presence of such virtue and a little conscious of guilt, unable in a contest of artifice and letters to cope with an antagonist trained in both, had been reduced to the familiar but impotent retort—"tu quoque!" It has matched the unpunished murder in South Carolina with the unpunished murder in Connecticut. It has plead as an offset to the pardoned assassin in Georgia, the acquitted assassin in Pennsylvania. Does the slayer of a Kentucky Judge go at large? Why, so does that native of Ohio, an ex-Governor and a citizen of repute, who, for no excuse, shot down an inoffensive young man whom he suspected of harboring a transient son.

Nowhere in the country is the taking of life punished adequately. East and West, North and South, the man-slayer who goes into court with plenty of friends and money has at least an even chance with the jury.

LYNCHBURG IN FLAMES.

Half a Million of Property Destroyed.

The Flames Baffle the Efforts of the Firemen--Richmond Asked for Aid.

LYNCHBURG, VA., May 30.—The most disastrous fire that ever visited this city broke out at 10 o'clock this morning and is now raging furiously. Half a million dollars' worth of property is already destroyed, including the daily Virginian building and fixtures; Commercial bank; the large hardware establishment of Jones, Watts Bros. & Co.; the large tobacco manufactory of Flood & Peters, and other business houses.

Several residences are also destroyed.

A strong wind is blowing, and the fire department is unable to cope with the flames. Telegrams have been sent to Richmond for assistance. Houses are melting into flames one after another, and the wildest excitement prevails. Thousands of people crowd the streets. The grave faces of homeless people and those who are compelled to look helplessly upon the havoc element as it sweeps toward their dwellings, expecting to be homeless themselves, give a pathetic set to the conflagration. The authorities are denounced for want of precaution in failing to provide the city with any efficient means for extinguishing fires.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., May 30.—A fire at Montgomery, this morning, turned the sawmill of John Johnson, with ninety tons of bark, the store and dwelling of J. F. Derr, the saddle shop of Edward Felsburg and the shoe shop of J. E. Lloyd. Losses unascertained.

A MISERABLE MAN.

How Dukes is Shunned Like a Leper, and Stoned by the Children in Uniontown.

NEW YORK, May 30.—A correspondent writing to the Stars says: I went into the Postoffice of Uniontown, Pa., and while buying some stamps, I casually remarked to the Postmaster:

"Does Dukes, who murdered Captain Nutt, go about town much?"

"Sh!" he said, pointing his finger to his lips. Then whispering he said, "That is Dukes standing in the door there."

I turned around and there stood before me the meanest man in the world. There stood, not only a murderer, but a man who had boasted to a father that he had ruined his innocent daughter. There stood the wretch who had written to a fond father how his loving daughter, the hope and pride of his declining years—how he, the incarnate devil, had ruined her. There stood a man mean enough to write to a father how he had made love to his daughter, how the daughter returned that love, and then "how he had betrayed her." A ceiling of loathing, as one feels when looking at a snake, seized me as I looked at this lying murderer. There he stood occasionally muttering to himself, for no one will speak to him. His face is scarred and his hat is pulled down over his eyes. He never looks out of the mud. The only living thing he dare look at is the crawling worm on the ground. There is no way of reasoning Dukes out of a dastard's shoes. If he told the truth in his insulting letter to the fond father he is a scoundrel; if he lied he is a liar too mean and too dishonest to live.

"Do the people speak to the scoundrel?"

"I continued, as Dukes walked like a snake with his head down, up a back street.

"Not much," said a bystander. "Why, the little girls in the school throw stones at him when he passes the school-house yard."

"Why does he continue to live in Uniontown?" I asked.

"Because he says he can live nowhere else. A few members of his own family protect him here. Away from Uniontown he has not a friend in the wide world."

"Has no one outside of his family befriended him here?" I asked.

"Yes," said a leading merchant. "Billy McCormick, a town bruiser, has befriended him. People say Billy—who is a chronic fighter—is retained by Dukes."

"He is a terror. Why, I've never known him to get hit yet, and I've seen him knock out five men in succession. He's a whole prize-fight in himself, and he stands behind Dukes, and he is probably the only friend Dukes has on earth outside of his own family."

Uniontown is a thriving old aristocratic town, and her good people feel very sensitive about the dreadful scenes which happen in their city. I suggested to them that they'd better hire Billy McCormick to kill Dukes, and then Billy could make \$5,000 a year traveling in a show, like the Ford boys.

THE LITTLE DEMON.

Mr. John Philip Holland's New Torpedo Boat.

NEW YORK, May 30.—Since September, 1882, a sign has been displayed on the floor of an upper room in Thomas Gannon's brass foundry, Jersey City. It read: "Positively no Admittance. This Means You." Within the room workmen were building a working model of a submarine torpedo boat invented by John Philip Holland. On account of its small size not more than two men could work on it at once, and they dragged along until last week, when it was completed.

Yesterday the door was opened and a dozen men launched the new vessel out of the front window and down a pair of slides to a wagon waiting in the street below. The new craft is what is commonly but untruthfully called cigar-shaped. It is the exact shape of the double-cone fishline bobs. It is 16 feet and 9 inches long and 29 inches in diameter. The shell contains six strakes of boiler iron, the upper strakes

being three-sixteenths of an inch thick and the bottom strakes one-quarter of an inch. It is stiffened with six rings of T iron. Under both the bow and the stern are keels four and a half feet long, the one under the bow being made of lead and weighing 218 pounds. The rudder is hung to the stern keel. On each side of the rudder is a horizontal rudder, or fin, that works on the principle of a balance rudder. The two work together. When the forward ends of these rudders are raised while the vessel goes through the water they naturally elevate the stern of the vessel and depress its nose, causing it to dive under the water. When they are held in that position and the empty compartments made for the purpose are filled with water, the vessel will remain below the surface. For the present the new boat will be propelled by a wheel 18 inches in diameter, with 24 inches pitch. The wheel will be turned by a treadle until Mr. Holland completes a new chemical engine.

On the top of the vessel, one-third of the way forward, is hinged a circular dome of cast iron. A ring of rubber makes an airtight joint when the dome is secured. There are nine skylights in the dome, each about one by two inches. A small iron trough runs forward from the dome over the middle third of the vessel's length. It contains an iron pipe, and is a part of the apparatus for handling the torpedo. The displacement of the vessel, loaded, is 2,800 pounds.

The craft contains a number of new ideas not utilized in the one made at the Delamater Iron Works in 1881. Just what these improvements are Mr. Holland declines to say, because they have not yet been patented, but they include methods for handling torpedoes and supplying fresh air to those within. With the treadle power Mr. Holland says he can reach a speed of from three to four knots an hour. When the new engine is in place he thinks the speed for very short distances will be as high as ten knots.

This is Mr. Holland's third working model. The first was completed in 1878. Speaking of it and his work on the others, he said: "The first one was successful, although the engines did not work. It was then demonstrated that a submarine vessel could be handled. We worked it by taking steam through a hose from a steam launch. The next one I got from the Delamater Works, April 19, 1881. I took it to the docks of Mr. Vanderbilt Morris at Fort Hamilton, where I kept it ten months. He witnessed my experiments with it. I have traveled all over the lower bay beneath the water. We ran her into mud banks at full speed. She always rebounded. We were fifty feet below the surface at times. I have been down under water as long as two and a half hours. That is much longer than would be necessary in warfare. Half an hour or fifteen minutes would enable one to travel the necessary distance to fix a torpedo to a vessel's keel. We demonstrated that this could be done by actual experiment. The papers had a good laugh over what they thought was a failure. I was an Irishman and kept my secrets to myself. That was conclusive evidence of Fenianism. It was at once decided that I was building a boat to encourage girls to contribute to the skirmishing fund. The fact is, I do not belong to any society, and do not want to do so. I have gone into this on business principles. When my experiments are completed and the value of certain ideas is determined, I will be looking for capitalists to form a stock company to build these vessels."

"Have you ever had any accidents under water?"

"My engineer, George M. Richards, did. He made a dive under a tug near the dock as he was putting out into the river. He left the manhole open, and, of course, he filled. The men on the tug picked him up as he floated out. He was unconscious for ten minutes. When these vessels are properly secured before starting there is no danger, because a man must attend to business to keep them down. If his hand slips or he forgets himself for a moment the boat will rise to the surface."

The new boat was taken to Pamparo, where the old one is. The experiments will be made at Pat McGowan's shipyard.

MYSTIC MASONIC RITE.

Nobles of the Order in America Mourning Abd-el-Kader's Death.

NEW YORK, May 30.—It was not generally known until yesterday that Abd-el-Kader's death at Damascus would cause mourning among Americans. It has, however, affected about 500 citizens of New York and about 5,000 residents of the United States who are members of the "Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine for the United States of America." Imperial Potentate Walter M. Fleming, who is a physician living at 57 West Forty-fifth street, published yesterday a proclamation "To All Industrious Potentates, Rabbans and Noble Shareefs throughout the jurisdiction of the Western Hemisphere," officially announcing the departure of Abd-el-Kader to the Unseen Temple, and commanding all Nobles of the Mystic Shrine "for the full term of the next three crescent moons after this mandate, within the mystic sanctuaries of the Shrine, in accordance with the ancient Oriental custom, to drape your altars and tombs with the insignia of mourning, and let the symbolic funeral urn be placed upon the sacred black stone, there to exhale incense during all ceremonials, and inscribe upon your temple records notice of the same."

Dr. Fleming said to a reporter of the Sun yesterday that Abd-el-Kader was instrumental in organizing the American branch of the order. He confided to Billy Florence and other Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite Masons the constitutional authority in Arabic for promulgating the principles and practice of the order. The Arabic was translated for the order by Mr. A. L. Rawson. The order in America, Dr. Fleming says, is an ally of Freemasonry, and none but a Knight Templar or an Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite Mason of the thirty-second or the thirty-third degree is eligible

to membership. It has seventeen temples in this country.

"In Europe and Asia," said Dr. Fleming, a violation of the order's vows means death to the violator. The man simply disappears. The order was founded at Mecca A. D. 656 as an inquisition or vigilance committee to dispense justice and execute punishment upon criminals who escape their just deserts through the tardiness of the Courts, and also to promote religious toleration among cultivated men of all nations. Of course, the American branch of the order doesn't dispense secret justice. It is an organization for the exercise of charity and the improvement of the mind."

THE QUEEN OF THE TURF.

Trots in 2:16 on a Heavy Track.

HARTFORD, May 30.—A high wind from the west was blowing, and the Charter Oak course was heavy from the effects of a thunder storm, when Mr. Bair drove Maud S. from the quarters. The fact that the mare was to be given a trial was very generally known, and four or five hundred people prominent in sporting circles were present. Charley Delmonico, Dan Mace, and William H. Vanderbilt's friend, William Turnbull, were among the crowd in the judges' stand. On the quarter stretch and the grand stand were many of the best known sports of New York, Boston, New Haven, and Springfield, and here and there a prominent business man. A few minutes before 2 o'clock the little mare came up to the wire with a coquettish toss of her head and at a gait that was half trot and half skip. She was in splendid condition. Her hide was smooth, and she had been so well rubbed down that she fairly glistened.

Dan Mace and Mr. Delmonico stood over the wire, watches in hand. Bair turned the mare's head, drove her up the track about a hundred yards, turned her head again, and started toward the wire at a rapid gait. He threw up his whip for the word, and when Mace said "Go!" the queen shot out like a flash of light, amid the wild cheers of the spectators. She passed the first quarter pole at a 2:20 gait. Her speed gradually increased until, when near the last turn, she was going at what it is estimated was a 2:10 gait. She lost a little on the turn, but headed for the homestretch at a rattling pace. Bair leaned over and tapped her gently with the whip. "She let out another link," and the men on the quarter stretch began to dance in their excitement. As the mare neared the goal a loud hurrah broke from the spectators. Maud S., with every motion as even and steady as clockwork, went under the wire like an express train. The timer announced that she had made the mile in 2:16, and the last quarter was ended in a 2:08 gait.

"Practically speaking," said Bair, "she went at her own gait. I urged her but very little, and only used the whip when on the homestretch, and then touched her very lightly. I do not think there is any doubt that she can beat 2:10 on a good track."

WOMAN'S FORGIVENESS.

Mrs. Larkin Nurses Her Husband, Who Shot Her, to Convalescence.

NEW YORK, May 30.—Frank Larkin, the base ball pitcher, who shot his wife in his apartments, on Eighth street, over a month ago, and afterward cut his own throat with a razor, is now nearly convalescent. He is watched day and night at St. Catharine's Hospital by policemen. He feels his position keenly and talks frequently about his case, dwelling very much on the supposition that his wife will not appear against him. He does not seem to understand that under the new code he can be prosecuted for attempted suicide or that Officer Phelan, whom he shot at through the door, will make a charge against him of felonious assault. Naturally enough the officers in charge encouraged him in the idea of his possible escape from punishment for his misdeeds, so that he would neither attempt to destroy his life nor escape. His bed is on the second story and his only chance to escape would be by jumping out of the window, a feat which in nine cases out of ten probably, as a physician puts it, would be attended with fatal consequences. He would be brought to court and arraigned immediately, but the attending physician fears that his removal might bring on erysipelas.

Mrs. Larkin, who was shot in the jaw, is fully recovered. The husband seems rejoiced that her face is but slightly disfigured by the ball. He asserts that the shooting was purely accidental, and that finding that his wife was hit by one of the bullets he cut his own throat. The wife is in constant attendance on him, leaving her bed to assist in nursing him. She stated that she would not appear to prosecute him, and the police think that she will not. The pair now act as lovers and seem very affectionate toward each other. They had been married only four months when the shooting took place. It is probable that Larkin will be arraigned before Justice Nacher this week on three separate charges.

The Bridge Craze Unabated.

NEW YORK, May 30.—Well, how's business?" a reporter asked of the President of one of the large news companies yesterday afternoon.

"It's immense," was the reply; but it's all confined to one thing—the bridge. Anything that's got the bridge in it sells like hot cakes, not only here, but all over the country. Newspapers, as well as maps, medals, picture cards, books are in such demand even in country towns and on the Pacific coast that we can't get enough of them. Never saw such a craze in my life. Offer people the biggest bargains in other things and they won't touch 'em. Offer the stupidest thing about the bridge and they snap at it. The Harpers have four presents at work day and night and can't get 'em fast enough. And other publishers are almost as busy."